

The Mirror

OF

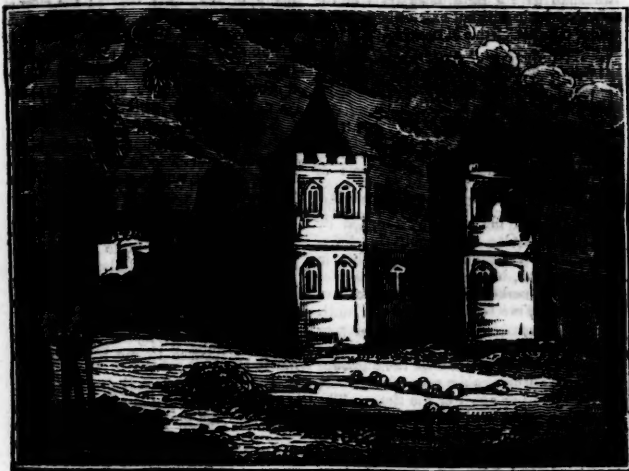
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXCV.]

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1826.

[Price 2d

The Ancient Palace of Woodstock.



No apology, we are sure, will be necessary for introducing into the MIRROR a feature so attractive as the *Waverley Novels*; for, although some of them have already been noticed as they appeared, yet they form so important a portion of the literature of the age, that we shall, we doubt not, receive the thanks of our readers for making them a new and distinct subject, illustrated as they will be by engravings, and by notes, historical and topographical. What was said of the wit of Falstaff may be applied to these novels; they are not only excellent in themselves, but are the cause of excellence in others, for in no branch of literature has there been so much improvement within the last few years as in works of fiction.

In commencing the *Waverley Novels* we select the last which has appeared, "*Woodstock*;" and through the kindness of a correspondent, we are enabled to enrich our article with a view of the ancient palace of Woodstock (the scene of nearly the whole novel), as it appeared before the civil wars. It is taken from a sketch in the Bodleian library at Oxford, and is believed to be the only view

extant; it is, however, but just in us to acknowledge, that we are more immediately indebted for it to that excellent work, Mr. Dunkin's *Oxfordshire*, of which we believe only one hundred copies were printed; and from that work the following account of this palace is extracted:

"In the beginning of the eighteenth century, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, caused the remains of the ancient palace of the kings of England, in Woodstock Park, to be demolished. Those remains stood opposite Blenheim, and consisted of the gate-house, where Elizabeth had been imprisoned, a noble porch, several turrets, and some portions of the walls of the hall and the chapel, the latter containing two or three magnificent windows entire. At a little distance, on the south-west side, was a part of the celebrated bower of Fair Rosamond, consisting of a room over the bath or well. Had these ruins been suffered to exist, and the surrounding scenery been tastefully arranged, associated as they were with the names of Henry and Rosamond, and the royal pageants of an elder day, they would have formed the most picturesque and interesting subjects in Blenheim Park. Nichols

has preserved a view of the gate-house as it appeared a short time before its demolition, A.D. 1714, in 'Queen Elizabeth's Progresses,' vol. i. p. 9. Lond. 1788."

We are promised some interesting particulars connected with this subject, which, with other illustrative matter, we shall lay before our readers; in the meantime we shall give a faithful analysis of the novel, which will not extend beyond another number of the MIRROR.

WOODSTOCK; OR, THE CAVALIER: A TALE OF THE YEAR 1651.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

THERE is a handsome parish church in the town of Woodstock, most part of which was rebuilt forty or fifty years since, although it still contains some arches of the old chantry, founded by king John. One morning in the end of September or beginning of October in the year 1653, being a day appointed for a solemn thanksgiving for the decisive victory at Worcester, a respectable audience was assembled in the old chantry, or chapel of king John. The condition of the church and character of the audience both bore witness to the rage of civil war, and the peculiar spirit of the times. The sacred edifice showed many marks of dilapidation; the high altar had been removed; the effigies of several tombs were mutilated, and now lay scattered about the church—

Torn from the destined niche, unworthy meed
Of knightly counsel or heroic deed.

The audience, like the building, was abated in splendour. None of the ancient and habitual worshippers during peaceful times were now to be seen in their carved galleries, and the eye of the yeoman and peasant sought in vain the tall form of old Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, as wrapped in his lazed cloak, and with beard and whiskers duly composed, he moved slowly through the aisles, followed by the faithful mastiff or bloodhound, Bevis, which in old time had saved his master by his fidelity, and which regularly followed him to church. Bevis, indeed, fell under the proverb which avers that "he is a good dog which goes to church;" for bating an occasional temptation to warble along with the accord, he behaved himself as decorously as any one of the congregation, and returned as much edified, perhaps, as some of them.

There were among the congregation, however, one or two that by their habits and demeanour, seemed country-gentlemen of consideration, and some of the

notables of Woodstock, cutlers or glovers chiefly, whose skill in steel or leather had raised them to a comfortable livelihood. This respectable, but less numerous, part of the audience had adopted the Presbyterian form of faith under the tuition of the Rev. Nehemiah Holdenough. Besides these dignified persons there were many of the lower orders; the elder of whom sat or lay on the benches while the younger gazed round on the women, eat apples, and cracked nuts, as if in the gallery of a theatre ere the piece commences. There were also a few soldiers who rested on their pikes and muskets.

To this mixed congregation Mr. Hold. enough was preparing to hold forth, and had begun to ascend the steps of the pulpit, when his course was arrested by a strong hand which seized his cloak. It was that of one who had detached himself from the pomp of soldiery; he was a stout man; wore large hose made of calves-leather; he had also a dagger and a belt garnished with tassels. "Friend," quoth the intruder, "is it thy purpose to hold forth to these good people?"

"Ay, marry it is," said the clergyman, "and woe to me if I preach not the gospel."

"Nay," said the man of warlike mien, "I am myself minded to hold fast; therefore remain and fructify with these poor goalings, to whom I am presently about to shake forth the crumbs of comfortable doctrine."

A sort of scuffle ensued, and the mayor attempted to pacify them, but was put down by the soldiers; he then entreated Mr. Holdenough to retire, saying, "put us not to mutiny and cry clubs, we are not men of war or blood."

"Not more than may be drawn by the point of a needle," said the preacher, scornfully, "ye tailors of Woodstock; for what is a Glover but a tailor working on kid-skin? I forsake you in scorn of your faint hearts and feeble hands."

The aggrieved divine departed, and his pulpit was forthwith occupied by the independent orator, who pulled a pocket-bible from his pocket and selected his text from the forty-fifth Psalm, "Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty; and in thy majesty ride prosperously." On this theme he commenced one of those wild declamations common at the period in which men wrested and perverted the language of Scripture, by adapting it to modern events. In the course of his wild effusion he hinted that Woodstock should be disparaged, a threat which fell heavy on the souls of the poor citizens of Woodstock.

After the sermon the preacher rambled through the town of Woodstock and entered the park, where he soon saw two persons coming towards him. The man was elderly, yet seemed bent more by sorrow and infirmity than by the weight of years. He wore a mourning cloak over a dress of the same melancholy colour, cut in that picturesque form which Vandyke has rendered immortal. A striking part of his appearance was a long white beard.

The young lady by whom this venerable gentleman seemed to be in some degree supported, was of a slight sylph-like form, with a person so delicately made, and so beautiful in countenance, that it seemed the earth on which she walked was too grossly massive a support for a creature so aerial. But mortal beauty must share human sorrows, and the eyes of the beautiful Alice Lee showed tokens of tears. The conversation of Sir Henry Lee and his daughter turned on the misfortunes of the Stuarts, the hope that the young prince had escaped, and that young Albert Lee was safe. Alice told her father she had a commission from her uncle Everard, who entreats that he will be courteous to the commissioners come to sequestrate the park and property, hoping through the interest he possesses, to get the sequestration removed. "No," said the sturdy cavalier, "if Henry Lee must seek for food it shall be of some sound loyalist like himself, who having but half a loaf remaining, will not refuse to share it with him." He further intimates that Alice's secret thought is after Markham Everard her cousin.

While thus conversing they encountered the soldier-preacher, who, as steward to the lords commissioners, announced that they were coming to sequestrate Woodstock Park, and the property of Sir Henry, who broke out into a violent passion, but surrendered his estate under protest, until the soldier speaking disrespectfully of the martyr king, the old knight could bear no more but struck him a severe blow with his rapier; a rencontre ensued and at the third pass Sir Henry was disarmed and at the mercy of his antagonist. Joceline Jolliffe, one of the under-keepers arrived, and seeing how matters stood, brandished his quarter-staff, a weapon from which he never parted; but Sir Henry would not permit him to interfere, but bade him deliver everything up to the commissioners' steward, whose name was Joseph Tomkins, or trusty Tomkins.

Sir Henry and his daughter now took refuge in the hut of Jolliffe, while Trusty Tomkins was rummaging the lodge to find out whatever spoil was most valuable.

While at the hut, Colonel Markham Everard arrives, surprised to find them expelled from the lodge, for which, he said, there was no legal warrant. Sir Henry, who had a great aversion to the Colonel, from his having, though moderately, adopted the republican or puritan party, reproaches him much.

Nothing could be more tauntingly severe than the reproaches of Sir Henry, who, in his passion, treated his daughter with a rudeness that was unkind and unnatural in a parent. Everard, though much hurt at his uncle's conduct, and pitying Alice, determined to serve them, and left the hut for the lodge. On his way, during the night, he heard some person trolling the following stanza to a jolly tune with which the old cavaliers were wont to wake the night-owl:—

"Hey for cavaliers! Ho for cavaliers!
Pray for cavaliers!
Rub a dub—rub a dub!
Have at old Beelzebub—
Oliver smokes for fear."

"I should know that voice," said Everard, uncocking the pistol which he had drawn from his belt, but continuing to hold it in his hand. Then came another fragment:—

"Hash them—slash them—
All to pieces dash them."

"So ho!" cried Markham, "who goes there, and for whom?"

"For Church and King," answered a voice, which presently added, "No, d—n me—I mean *against* Church and King, and for the people that are uppermost—I forget which they are."

"Roger Wildrake, as I guess?" said Everard.

"The same—gentleman of Squattlesea-mere, in the moist county of Lincoln."

"Wildrake!" said Markham—"Wild-goose you should be called. You have been moistening your own throat to some purpose, and using it to gabble tunes very suiting to the times, to be sure!"

"Faith, the tune's a pretty tune enough, Mark, only out of fashion a little—the more's the pity."

"What could I expect," said Everard, "but to meet some ranting, drunken cavalier, as desperate and dangerous as night and sack usually make them? What if I had rewarded your melody by a ball in the gullet?"

"Why, there would have been a piper paid—that's all," said Wildrake—"But wherefore come you this way now?—I was about to seek you at the hut."

"I have been obliged to leave it—I will tell you the cause hereafter," replied Markham.

"What! the old play-hunting cavalier was cross, or Chloe was unkind?"

"Jest not, Wildrake—it is all over with me," said Everard.

"The devil it is," exclaimed Wildrake, "and you take it thus quietly!—Zounds! let us back together—I'll plead your cause for you—I know how to tickle up an old knight and a pretty maiden—Let me alone for putting you *rectus in curia*, you canting rogue.—D—n me, Sir Henry Lee, says I, your nephew is a piece of a Puritan—it won't deny—but I'll uphold him a gentleman and a pretty fellow for all that.—Madam, says I, you may think your cousin looks like a psalm-singing weaver, in that bare felt, and with that rascally brown cloak; that band, which looks like a baby's clout, and those loose boots, which have a whole calf-skin in each of them,—but let him wear on the one side of his head a castor, with a plume befitting his quality; give him a good Toledo by his side, with a brodered belt and an inlaid hilt, instead of the ton of iron contained in that basket-hilted, black Andrew Ferrara; put a few smart words in his mouth—*and*, blood and wounds! madam, says I—"

"Prithee, truce with this nonsense, Wildrake," said Everard, "and tell me if you are sober enough to hear a few words of sober reason?"

"Pshaw! man, I did but crack a brace of quarts with yonder puritanic, round-headed soldiers, up yonder at the town; and rat me but I passed myself for the best man of the party; twanged my nose, and turned up my eyes, as I took my can—Pah! the very wine tasted of hypocrisy. I think the rogue corporal smoked something at last—as for the common fellows, never stir, but *they* asked me to say grace over another quart."

"This is just what I wished to speak with you about, Wildrake," said Markham—"You hold me, I am sure, for your friend?"

"True as steel.—Chums at college and at Lincoln's-inn—we have been Nisus and Euryalus, Theseus and Perithous, Orestes and Pylades; and, to sum up the whole with a puritanic touch, David and Jonathan, all in one breath. Not even politics, the wedge that rends families and friendships asunder, as iron rives oak, have been able to split us."

Wildrake had previously been near the lodge, and from a tree frightened Tomkins by making a face like a baboon—a trick, he said, he had learned from a French player, who could twist his jaws into a pair of nut-crackers. Everard and Wildrake now proceeded to the lodge, where they found Tomkins and Jolliffe;

Everard locked up the bed-room formerly occupied by Alice, to save it from profanation.

Everard now thought how he could save the country from anarchy, and Woodstock park from spoliation, and Cromwell having urged him to give him his written opinion on public affairs, he sat down and wrote a letter to Oliver, exhorting him to become the saviour of the state by convoking a free parliament, and by its aid placing himself at the head of some liberal form of government which might supersede the state of anarchy, in which the nation was otherwise likely to be immersed. From this topic he descended to the propriety of keeping up the state of the executive government in whose hands soever it should be lodged, and thus showed Cromwell a prospect of demesne and residences becoming his dignity. Then he naturally passed to the despoiling and destroying the royal residences of England, made a woeful picture of the demolition which impended over Woodstock, and interceded for the preservation of that beautiful seat, as a matter of personal favour, in which he found himself deeply interested.

This despatch he resolved to send by Wildrake, although he had declared he would rather give Cromwell three inches of his dudgeon dagger than present him with the packet. Everard, however, knew the fidelity of his messenger, who set off next morning, and arriving at Windsor, had an audience of Cromwell.* He succeeded in his mission, for Cromwell having his own objects in view, thought he might, by obliging colonial Everard, lay a trap for the royal fugitive, Charles, should he seek concealment at Woodstock, which was likely, from his being much attached to the son of Sir Henry Lee. "Here," said Cromwell to Wildrake, "here is an order, well warranted, to clear the lodge at Woodstock, and abandon it to thy master's keeping, or those whom he shall appoint. He will have his uncle and pretty cousin with him, doubtless. Fare thee well—think on what I told thee. They say beauty is a loadstone to yonder long lad, thou dost wot of; but I reckon he has other stars at present to direct his course than bright eyes and fair hair. Be it as it may, thou knowest my purpose—peer out, peer out; keep a constant and careful look-out on every ragged patch that wanders by hedge-row or lane—these are days when a beggar's cloak may cover a king's ransom. There are some broad

* This scene, which is one of the best in the Novel, was inserted at length in No. CXXIII. of the MIRROR.

Portugal pieces for thee—something strange to thy pouch, I ween.—Once more, think on what thou hast heard, and," he added, in a lower and more impressive tone of voice, "forget what thou hast seen. My service to thy master;—and, yet once again, remember—and forget."—Wildrake made his obeisance, and, returning to his inn, left Windsor with all possible speed.

Colonel Everard no sooner received the warrant than he proceeded to dislodge the commissioners, who by this time had resettled at Woodstock. Attended by the mayor of Woodstock, Mr. Holdenough, and Wildrake, the colonel proceeded to the palace, and after some formality, was admitted into a parlour, where there was a prodigious fire, and about twelve candles of the largest size, distributed in sconces against the wall. There were seated the commissioners, who now held in their power the ancient mansion and royal domain of Woodstock.

The strong light in the parlour served to enable Everard easily to recognise his acquaintances, Desborough, Harrison, and Bletson, who had assembled themselves round an oak table of large dimensions, placed near the blazing chimney, on which were arranged wine, and ale, and materials for smoking, then the general indulgence of the time. There was a species of movable cupboard set betwixt the table and the door, calculated originally for a display of plate upon grand occasions, but at present only used as a screen; which purpose it served so effectually, that, ere he had coasted around it, Everard heard the following fragment of what Desborough was saying, in his coarse, strong voice:—"Sent him to share with us, I'ee warrant ye—it was always his excellency my brother-in-law's way—if he made a treat for five friends, he would invite more than the table could hold—I have known him to ask three men to eat two eggs."

"Hush, hush," said Bletson; and the servants making their appearance from behind the tall cupboard, announced Colonel Everard.

Desborough was a stout, bull-necked man, of middle size, with heavy, vulgar features, grizzled, bushy eyebrows, and walleyes. The flourish of his powerful relative's fortunes, had burst forth in the finery of his dress, which was much more ornamented than was usual among the round-heads. There was embroidery on his cloak, and lace upon his band; his hat displayed a feather with a golden clasp, and all his habiliments were those of a cavalier, or follower of the court, rather than the plain dress of a parliamen-

tarian officer. But, Heaven knows, there was little of court-like grace or dignity in the person or demeanour of the individual, who became his fine suit as the hog on the sign-post does his gilded armour. It was not that he was positively deformed or mis-shaped, for, taken in detail, the figure was well enough; but his limbs seemed to act upon different and contradictory principles. They were not, as the play says, in a concatenation accordingly; the right-hand moved as if it were upon bad terms with the left, and the legs showed an inclination to foot it in different and opposite directions. In short, to use an extravagant comparison, the members of Colonel Desborough seemed rather to resemble the disputatious representatives of a federative congress, than the well-ordered unions of the orders of the state, in a firm and well-compacted monarchy, where each holds his own place, and all obey the dictates of a common head.

General Harrison, the second of the commissioners, was a tall, thin, middle-aged man, who had risen into his high situation in the army and his intimacy with Cromwell by his dauntless courage in the field, and the popularity he had acquired by his exalted enthusiasm amongst the military saints, sectaries, and independents, who composed the strength of the existing army. Harrison was of mean extraction, and bred up to his father's employment of a butcher; nevertheless, his appearance, though coarse, was not vulgar, like that of Desborough, who had much the advantage of him in birth and education.

Bletson, in person and figure, was diametrically different from the other two. There was neither foppery nor slovenliness in his exterior, nor had he any marks of military service or rank about his person.

The Colonel, after making known his commission, hastened to Jolliffe's hut to restore Sir Henry Lee and Alice to the mansion. It was, however, with difficulty he could prevail on Sir Henry Lee to return, for he had a great objection to accept of any favour from a person on the opposite side in party, and even Alice had been induced to believe, that, through Everard's means, their return might be made a snare for the young prince. Everard, who had not yet learnt from Wildrake that this was the implied condition of his warrant, indignantly denied the imputation.

While the Commissioners remained at the Lodge they had been much disturbed with the idea of ghosts and apparitions; and even Colonel Everard had some adventures of the sort which he could not

easily explain. While in bed the first night a person resembling old Victor Lee appeared to him leading in a veiled lady, and not being able to satisfy himself whether they were "spirits of health or goblins damned" he, after due wavering, discharged his pistol at them.

Next morning all the persons in the house began to compare notes as to the events of the night. The most moderate of the narrators only talked of sounds like the mewing of a cat, or the growling of a dog, especially the squeaking of a pig. They heard also as if it had been nails driven and saws used, and the clashing of fetters, and the rustling of silk gowns, and the notes of music, and in short all sorts of sounds which have nothing to do with each other. Others swore they had smelt savours of various kinds, chiefly bituminous, indicating a Satanic derivation; others did not indeed swear, but protested, to visions of men in armour, horses without heads, asses with horns, and cows with six legs, not to mention black figures, whose cloven hoofs gave plain information what realm they belonged to. Poor Holdenough however appeared to have suffered the most affliction during the night.

With much difficulty Colonel Everard at last prevailed on his uncle, Sir Henry Lee, to return to the Lodge of Woodstock, where he was no sooner in unchallenged possession, than he uttered more orders than the limited number of his domestics could execute. He would not taste any of the liquors left in the mansion, but calling for a pitcher of water from Rosamond's spring, Alice flinging a cloak round her went for it, and on her way encountered a person, "whose red cloak, russet kirtle, handkerchief trimmed with Coventry blue, and coarse steeple hat, could not indicate at best anything higher than the wife of a small farmer, or perhaps the helpmate of a bailiff or a hind." This person forced herself into conversation with Alice, and like a fortune-teller, asked if she would not wish to hear of a certain colonel. She carried Alice's pitcher, and accompanied her on her way home, until Joceline appeared, when the old fortune-teller hastily dropped something into the pitcher, and fled through the wood. On examining the pitcher, they found a gold ring, in which was a ruby, apparently of some value.

The same night Alice was surprised by seeing some person scaling the window; she seized a pistol, and the old knight came forward with his sword, when the person at the window fell and encountered the dog Bevis; nor was he re-

leased until Joceline interfered for that purpose. Another person next attempted to enter the window, when the old knight made a desperate pass which bore the intruder to the ground, and Joceline uttered a dreadful exclamation, crying out, "Lord in Heaven he has slain his own son!"

"No, no; I tell you not," said the fallen youth, who was indeed young Albert Lee, the only son of the old knight, who was overpowered by the shock the sudden appearance of the youth occasioned. When he recovered he eagerly asked the news of the king's disasters; mean time supper was ordered for Albert and Dr. Rochecliffe, the ex-rector of Woodstock, who had arrived.

"And there is a lad, too, below," said Joceline; "a page, he says, of colonel Albert's, whose belly rings cupboard too, and that to no common tune; for I think he could eat a horse, as the Yorkshireman says, behind the saddle. He had better eat at the sideboard; for he has devoured a whole loaf of bread and butter, as fast as Phœbe could cut it, and it has not staid his stomach for a minute—and truly I think you had better keep him under your own eyes, for the steward beneath might ask him troublesome questions if he went below—and then he is impatient, as all your gentlemen pages are, and is saucy among the women."

"Whom is it he talks of?—what page hast thou got, Albert, that bears himself so ill?" said Sir Henry.

"The son of a dear friend, a noble lord of Scotland, who followed the great Montrose's banner—afterwards joined the king in Scotland, and came with him as far as Worcester. He was wounded the day before the battle, and conjured me to take this youth under my charge, which I did, something unwillingly; but I could not refuse a father, perhaps on his death-bed, pleading for the safety of an only son."

"Thou hadst deserved an halter, hadst thou hesitated," said Sir Henry; "the smallest tree can always give some shelter,—and it pleases me to think the old stock of Lee is not so totally prostrate, but it may yet be a refuge for the distressed. Fetch the youth in;—he is of noble blood, and these are no times of ceremony—he shall sit with us at the same table, page though he be; and if you have not schooled him handsomely in his manners, he may not be the worse of some lessons from me."

"You will excuse his national drawing accent, sir," said Albert, "though I know you like it not."

"I have small cause, Albert," answered the knight—"small cause.—Who

stirred up these disunions?—the Scots. Who strengthened the hands of parliament, when their cause was well nigh ruined?—the Scots again. Who delivered up the king, their countryman, who had flung himself upon their protection?—the Scots again. But this lad's father, you say, has fought on the part of the noble Montrose; and such a man as the great marquis may make amends for the degeneracy of a whole nation."

"Nay, father," said Albert, "and I must add, that though this lad is uncouth and wayward, and, as you will see, something wilful, yet the king has not a more zealous friend in England; and, when occasion offered, he fought stoutly, too, in his defence—I marvel he comes not."

"He hath taken the bath," said Joceline, "and nothing less would serve than that he should have it immediately—the supper, he said, might be got ready in the mean time; and he commands all about him as if he were in his father's old castle, where he might have called long enough, I warrant, without any one to hear him."

"Indeed?" said Sir Henry, "this must be a forward chick of the game, to crow so early.—What is his name?"

"His name—it escapes me every hour, it is so hard a one," said Albert—"Kerneguy is his name—Louis Kerneguy; his father was lord Killstewers, of Kincardineshire."

"Kerneguy, and Killstewers, and Kin—what d'ye call it?—Truly," said the knight, "these northern men's names and titles smack of their origin—they sound like a north-west wind, rumbling and roaring among heather and rocks."

"It is but the asperities of the Celtic and Saxon dialects," said Dr. Rochecliffe, "which, according to Verstegan, still linger in those northern parts of the island.—But peace—here comes supper, and master Louis Kerneguy."

Supper entered accordingly, borne in by Joceline and Phoebe, and after it, leaning on a huge knotty stick, and having his nose in the air like a questing hound,—for his attention was apparently more fixed on the good provisions that went before him, than anything else—came master Kerneguy, and seated himself, without much ceremony, at the lower end of the table.

He was a tall, raw-boned lad, with a shock head of hair, fiery red, like many of his country, while the harshness of his national features was increased by the contrast of his complexion, turned almost black by the exposure to all sorts of weather, which, in that skulking and rambling mode of life, the fugitive royalists

had been obliged to encounter. His address was by no means prepossessing, being a mixture of awkwardness and forwardness, and showing, in a remarkable degree, how a want of easy address may be consistent with an admirable stock of assurance. His face intimated having received some recent scratches, and the care of Dr. Rochecliffe had decorated it with a number of patches, which even enhanced its natural plainness. Yet the eyes were brilliant and expressive, and, amid his ugliness—for it amounted to that degree of irregularity—the face was not deficient in some lines which expressed both sagacity and resolution.

Albert and his page received a hearty welcome at the lodge, as did Wildrake, who afterwards arrived, and sat with the party to supper, when loyal toasts were drank, and the evening's jollity concluded with a glee for King Charles.* On retiring to bed, Albert and his page were conducted by Jolliffe to the Spanish chamber, a huge old scrambling bed-room, rather in a dilapidated condition, but furnished with a large standing bed for the master, and a truckle bed for the domestic. Jolliffe was no sooner gone, than Albert secured the door in a way which rendered it impossible to open it unless by breaking it down. The page held a light to him during the operation, which his master went through with much exactness and dexterity. But when Albert arose from his knee, on which he had rested during the accomplishment of this task, the manner of the companions was on the sudden entirely changed towards each other. The honourable Master Kerneguy, from a cubbish lout of a raw Scotsman, seemed to have acquired at once all the grace and ease of motion and manner, which could be given by an acquaintance of the earliest and most familiar kind with the best company of the time.

He gave the light he held to Albert, with the easy indifference of a superior, who rather graces than troubles his dependent by giving him some slight service to perform. Albert, with the greatest appearance of deference, assumed in his turn the character of torch-bearer, and lighted his page across the chamber, without turning his back upon him as he did so. He then set the light on a table by the bed-side, and approaching the young man with deep reverence, received from him the soiled green jacket, with the same profound respect as if he had been a first lord of the bedchamber, or other officer of the household of the highest distinction, disrobing his sovereign of the

* See the last Number of the Mirror.

mantle of the Garter. The person to whom this ceremony was addressed endured it for a minute or two with profound gravity, and then bursting out a-laughing, exclaimed to Albert, "What a devil means all this formality?—thou complimestest with these miserable rags as if they were silks and sables, and with poor Louis Kernegay as if he were the king of Great Britain."

The page, Louis Kernegay, was, indeed, the royal fugitive.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE FIRST OF MAY.

(For the Mirror.)

TO-DAY commences the summer of the poets; but, alas! in plain matter-of-fact prose, that happy season is yet afar off. For the May of poets is, in truth, the June or July of present times, whatever it was formerly, if easterly winds, frosty mornings, and cold evenings of an awkward length, have any weight when compared with sweet sounding sonnets and warm descriptions in measured numbers. However, there are joys in May; it is the *harbinger* of summer, and as such must be welcome. Behold yonder group of merry dancers, with roseate cheeks and gorgeous apparel; they do not form a part of the *corps de ballet* from the opera, cutting and *pirouetting* to the tinkling of a guitar; no, they scorn figure-dancing and such importations, and sticking firmly to the old English shuffle, thread the mazes of the reel, or run in the giddy circle, to the exhilarating sound of the fife and drum, with an accompaniment *fortissimo* of their own brush and shovel. They are, indeed, gentlemen of the black robe, vulgarly yclept chimney-sweepers; but, oh, how different! Where is that Othello-like face, the chin glittering with the silverly stubble of a six days' beard, like sand flung over writing for want of blotting-paper? Where is the brass-fronted cap which, "in conscious virtue bold," proclaimed to the world, like the shield of a knight in the olden time, the man and the profession? "Oh where and oh where" are the sober habiliments so well according with the cry of "Weep, weep." Alas! alas! man is the same in all ranks! and the poor sweep is as fond of gold, glitter, and gingerbread, as the lord-in-waiting or the field-marshal; though, as if somewhat ashamed of his folly, "the man in black" bears with him his ready excuse of "only once a year, your honour."

And look at that string of stages, bedecked with the gayest colours of the rain-

bow, displayed in the profusion of bows on the horses' heads and drivers' whips. Oh, look on this, haberdashers, and be glad; look on this, ye belles, and hide your diminished heads.

The observant and reflecting remarks as to "how wonderfully the days do lengthen" cease; our windows are occasionally opened, and we begin to be surprised at finding we have let the fire go out while we were very busy. Exclamations of the beauty of the spring, the rapid progress of vegetation, the fair prospect of a good fruit season (duly counterbalanced by the prudent dread of frosts or blights), multiply on the ear. In short, the prospect of summer enlivens us all; we are willing to believe it already arrived, and begin to cast off our warm winter habits, and clothe ourselves in summer apparel, though we are sure to return to our flannels and angolas, after obtaining a slight cold, a touch of rheumatism, or a fit of the tooth-ache, to remind us that the winter of our discontent is not entirely over.

The young lambs frisk, the larks carol merrily, and the fields look green again; but go to—these have been told and sung full many a time and oft. Rather let ours be the task of apostrophising and condoling, not with the silly shepherdesses with their crooks, but with the oysterwenches with their knives. Oh, ye nymphs, who with lusty and persevering endeavour bring forth the modest self-withdrawing fish, and display it in all its native beauties and intrinsic worth, who, like the editors of reviews, publish the merits of what you have to sell, grieve not, I charge ye, that you must now turn to the *more gentle* occupation of disencumbering the wriggling eel of its upper benjamin, and the beauteous mackerel of its now useless dining-room furniture. Oh! do not grieve! there is a time for all things; a time for peace, and a time for war; a time to force with the sword and pike, and a time to work with the pruning-knife and dibble; and there will again come months with an R in their names, and then will return the time to eat oysters.

Hackney.

C. C.

EPIGRAM.

"FRIEND Tom, says Ned, "I've view'd the world around;
Disinterestedness I ne'er have found."
"I must," quoth Tom, "from your opinion vary;
For I have found it in—the Dictionary."
WYCOMB.

The Eton Montem.



As the triennial custom of the Eton Montem will be celebrated on Tuesday next, we doubt not but a view of the college and an account of the festival, will be acceptable to our readers. Eton college so distinguished for the men of talents it has educated, was founded in the year 1440, by the unfortunate Henry VI. The foundation was originally endowed for a provost, ten priests, six clerks, six choristers, twenty-five poor grammar scholars, with a master to teach them, and twenty-five old men. Some of its endowments have since been changed, and it now consists of a provost, vice-provost, six fellows, two schoolmasters, with their assistants, seven clerks, seventy scholars, and ten choristers, besides various inferior officers and servants; but independent of the scholars on the foundation, there are seldom less than two hundred of the sons of noblemen and gentlemen, who board with the masters, and receive their education at this seminary. There is an annual election of scholars to King's College, Cambridge, which takes place about the end of July, or the beginning of August, when the twelve senior scholars are put on the roll to succeed. At the age of nineteen the scholars are superannuated, and there are a few exhibitions of twenty-one guineas each for the superannuated scholars. Eton sends two scholars to Merton College, Oxford, where they are called post-masters.

The college, of which we present a view, consists of two quadrangles, one of which is appropriated to the school, and the apartments of the masters and scholars; the other contains the residence of the provost and fellows, and the library. In the middle of the first quad-

range is a statue in brass, well executed, of the royal founder.

Eton has been much and justly celebrated for the persons educated there, and we need no better evidence of the talents of the scholars than has been furnished in the *Microcosm*, and the *Etonian*, two works which would do honour to either of our Universities, and which will take their place among the *Spectators*, *Tatlers*, and the other works which now form our collection of the *British Essayists*.

Among the persons educated at Eton was, Bishop Fleetwood, Boyle, the philosopher, Waller, the poet, the great Earl Camden, Lord Lyttleton, Gray, the poet, the great Earl of Chatham, Mr. Canning, the present eloquent and able Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, &c. Our business, however, on the present occasion is less with the Eton scholars and building than with the custom of the Montem, a festival of which Henry Rowe, in his poems published in 1796, thus makes mention:—

But weak the harp now tun'd to praise,
When fed the raptur'd sight,
When greedy thousands eager gaze,
Devour'd with deep delight.

When triumph hails aloud the joys
Which on those hours await;
When Montem crowns the Eton boys'
Long fam'd triennial fête.

Of the origin of the Montem nothing is known with any degree of certainty. Formerly the practice of electing a Boy Bishop subsisted at Eton as well as other grammar schools, and the Montem is by Brand, the antiquary, considered as a corruption of the ceremony of the Boy-Bishop; the latter was formerly held in November, and within the memory of

persons now living, the Montem was kept in the winter time, a little before Christmas, though now confined to Whit-Tuesday.

The custom of having a procession of the scholars can be clearly proved as far back as to the reign of queen Elizabeth, who, when she visited this college, desired to see an account of all the ancient ceremonies observed there, from its foundation to that period, in the number of which, it appears that an annual procession of the scholars was one, and that at such times verses were repeated, and sums of money were gathered from the public for a dinner, to which fund was added, the small pittances extorted from the boys who were recently admitted, by those of a longer standing.

The Eton Montem consists in a procession to a small tumulus on the southern side of the Bath Road, which has given the name of Salt Hill to the spot, now better known by the splendid inns that are established there. The chief object of this celebration, however, is to collect money for salt (according to the language of the day) from all persons who assemble to see the show, nor does it fail to be exacted from travellers on the road, and even at the private residences within a certain, but no inconsiderable, range of the spot. The scholars who collect the money are called salt-bearers, who are arrayed in fancy dresses, and are attended by others called scouts, of a similar but less showy appearance. Tickets are given to such persons as have paid their contributions to secure them from any further demand. This ceremony is always very numerously attended by Etonians, and has frequently been honoured by the presence of his Majesty and the different branches of the royal family. The sum collected on the occasion has sometimes exceeded 800*l.*, and is given to the senior scholar, who is called captain of the school. This procession appears to be coeval with the foundation, and it is the opinion of Mr. Lysons, whose industry in collecting, as well as judgment in deciding on matters of this character, are beyond all challenge, that it was a ceremonial of the Baim or Boy Bishop.

Mr. Lysons says it originally took place on the 6th of December, the festival of St. Nicholas, the patron of children; being the day on which it was customary at Salisbury, and in other places where the ceremony was observed, to elect the Boy-Bishop from among the children belonging to the cathedral. This mock dignity lasted till Innocents' day; and, during the intermediate time, the boy performed

various episcopal functions. If it happened that he died before the allotted period of this extraordinary mummery had expired, he was buried with all the ceremonies which were used at the funerals of prelates. In the voluminous collections relating to antiquities, bequeathed by Mr. Cole, who was himself of Eton and King's College, to the British Museum, is a note which mentions that the ceremony of the Baim or Boy-Bishop was to be observed by charter, and that Geoffrey Blythe, Bishop of Litchfield, who died in 1530, bequeathed several ornaments to those colleges, for the dress of the Baim-Bishop. But on what authority this industrious antiquary gives the information, which, if correct, would put an end to all doubt on the subject, does not appear. But, after all, why may not this custom be supposed to have originated in a procession to perform an annual mass at the altar of some saint, to whom a small chapel might have been dedicated on the mount called Salt Hill; a ceremony very common in Catholic countries; as such an altar is a frequent appendage to their towns and populous villages? As for the selling of salt, it may be considered as a natural accompaniment, when its emblematical character, as to its use in the ceremonies of the Roman church, is contemplated.

In one of the *Public Advertisers* in 1778, there is an account of the Montem, which was then biennial. This is the oldest printed account of the ceremony, and the king and queen, who were present, gave fifty guineas each.

Till the time of Dr. Barnard, the Montem was every two years, and on the first or second Tuesday in February. It consisted of something of a military array. The boys in the Remove, fourth and inferior forms, marched in a long file of two and two, with white poles in their hands, while the sixth and fifth form boys walked on their flanks as officers, and habited in all the variety of dress which Monmouth-street could furnish, each of them having a boy of the inferior forms smartly dressed attending upon him as a footman. The second boy in the school led the procession in a military dress, with a truncheon in his hand, and bore for the day the title of marshal; then followed the captain, supported by his chaplain, the head scholar of the fifth form, dressed in a suit of black, with a large bushy wig, and a broad beaver, decorated with a twisted silk hatband and rose, the fashionable distinction of the dignified clergy of that day. It was his office to read certain Latin prayers on the mount at Salt Hill. The third boy of the school

brought up the rear as lieutenant. One of the higher classes, whose qualification was his activity, was chosen ensign, and carried the colours, which were emblazoned with the college arms, and the motto "Pro More et Monte." This flag, before the procession left the college, he flourished in the school-yard, with great dexterity, as displayed sometimes at Astley's and other places of similar exhibition. The same ceremony was repeated after prayers on the mount. The whole regiment dined in the inns at Salt-hill, and then returned to the college, and its dismissal in the school-yard was announced by the universal drawing of all the swords. Those who bore the title of commissioned officers were exclusively on the foundation, and carried spontoons; the rest were considered as sergeants and corporals, and a most curious assemblage of figures it exhibited. The two principal salt-bearers consisted of an oppidan and a collegier; the former was generally some nobleman, whose figure and personal connexions might advance the interests of the collection. They were dressed like running footmen, and carried, each of them, a silk bag to receive the contributions, in which was a small quantity of salt. During Doctor Barnard's mastership, the ceremony was made triennial, the time changed from February to Whit-Tuesday, and several of its absurdities retrenched.

At the last Montem, which took place on Whit Tuesday, the 20th of May, 1823, there was a very numerous attendance of noblemen and gentlemen of fortune, many of whom were connected with Eton or its scholars. All the inns and private lodging-houses were occupied, and not a decent bed could be had for less than a guinea a night; indeed many were obliged to sleep on chairs and sofas.

On the day of the montem nearly five hundred young gentlemen, some of them splendidly attired in scarlet military dresses, with swords and field-marshal's hats, and many others in glittering silks, and turbans, and feathered caps, such as are worn by the heroes in Asiatic melodramas, were all drawn up in the principal square of the college. About ten o'clock they partook of a sumptuous breakfast, set out for them in one of the great rooms. By this time two military bands arrived, and continued playing several martial airs. The square and all the avenues leading to the college were crowded.

About half-past one, all the scholars, headed by the Mareschal, Mr. Thackeray,

and their Captain, Mr. Barnard, and preceded by the military bands, were drawn up in the meadow in military array, and proceeded on their march through Slough, *ad Montem*. Many hours before this, young gentlemen in splendid dresses were stationed at all the entrances leading to Eton for the purpose of collecting salt. In other words, they stopped every passenger, whether on foot, on horseback, or in carriages, and made them deposit a sum of money in their large purses. Each contributor received a small ticket with the words, *Mos pro lege—Vivat Rex*—"Custom for law—Long live the King;" and those tickets, stuck in the hats of the men, or in the bosoms of the women, served as passports against future demands. All persons walking through the college or the streets were accosted in the same manner by the salt-bearers, who even knocked at every door to demand money.

When the young gentlemen arrived at the destined spot, their ensign, Mr. Dansey, ascended the summit, and there, before innumerable applauding spectators, waved and furled his flag in a most dexterous manner. When this ceremony was concluded, they immediately repaired to the great inn near the Mount, and partook of a dinner, which had been previously prepared for them. Between six and seven o'clock they marched back to Windsor, and went upon the terrace, where they paraded for some time with the bands of music, and finished the revelries of the day by retiring to the college.

In our next it is probable we shall give an account of the present montem, which one of the daily papers states his Majesty will attend if his health permits. The King, who, with true English feeling, wishes to encourage those national customs, which too many persons of the present age, from motives we conceive mistaken, seem anxious to suppress, has always been a munificent patron of the Eton montem; and as we understand the present captain is a very deserving young man, we trust he will receive a bountiful supply of salt, and we cannot offer a better wish to the hero of the Eton montem.

WALTER SCOT.

(For the Mirror.)

AMONG the curious books belonging to the late Sir Mark Sykes, Bart. was the following, entitled, "Mrs. Mary Fage. Fame's Roule, or the names of our dread Sovereign Lord King Charles, his Royall Queen Mary, and his most hopeful posterity; together with the names of the Nobility, Bishops, Privie Councillors,

Knights of the Garter, and Judges of England, Scotland, and Ireland, anagrammatised and expressed by acrosticks lines on their names," 1637; a poetical volume of extreme rarity. Sir Mark Sykes noted the extreme rarity of this book at the commencement of the volume, and queried if it be not *unique*. The following is a specimen of the lady's quaint poetry:—

"To the Right Honourable Walter, Earle of Buckleugh,

"Lord Ekedail,
WALTER SCOT."

"Anagramma,
AL TNEW COST!

"With true cost are you stored, where delight
Attendeth still upon the way that's right;
Living indeed with such a noble care,
That those who know you very well are ware,
Each of them seeing well that you may boast,
Lightly to be compos'd of true cost.
So noble Scot, with you doe so abound,
Cost truly true most freely in you found;
O then you'll easily pardon my omission;
True cost at nobly in your honour is."—See
Evans's Catalogue of Sir Mark Sykes's Books.

P. T. W.

HALF A WORD ABOUT THE ALBUMS!

(For the Mirror.)

MISTER EDITOR. — Without taking leave I'll get the liberty of your tender goodness to be spaking in your paper just half a small word to the fair sex; for ye see, there never was a time since the present day, when the darling cratures were scattering about their flowerets of beautiful fancy in rhyming wreaths and poetical garlands, in such swate and richly full-blown profusion!

Och! fie for shame upon yourselves, ladies! to be robbing and pilfering all the groves and gardens of Parnassus, and stripping the daisied banks of Helicon of all their swatest metrical shrubs and buds, and sprigs and flowers, and showing them off so prodigally made up in harmonious couplets, tetrastick and the like, until Apollo and all the rest of the other muses, won't be having a leaf at all left to cover themselves with, while you are decking your pastoral heads and bucolical brows with the poetical BAYS you're stealing from them! Moreover, I'll be telling ye that MISS ERATO and MISS CALLIOPE will be bringing an action of trover against every one of ye! But I'll say no more to that at this present spaking, because the less I'll spake the more I'll be meaning about the thing.

So now Ladies and Mister Editor, together, I'll just be giving ye a nate specimen of my own darling countrywoman,

what's a GREAT POETICAL JANUS like yourself!—

A TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

FROM MISTRESS M'GUEZLEEN'S ALBUM.

Translated from Hamlet's Soliloquy!

To swig, or not to swig? that is, nate whiskey; Whether 'tis better in the throat to suffer The parched-tongue burnings of insatiate thirst, Or seek to quench them with an unmixed draught,

And by the crature, end them? To swig—half pints,
No more; and by that tipping say we end The cross-quails, and the thousand other retchings

Tipplers are heirs to.—'Tis a satisfaction Devoutly to be sought. To drink, to chalk Long scores! Perchance not pay; aye, there's the rub!

Ere, rubbing off those scores what ills may come, When we would shuffle off our reckoning, Must give us pause. There's the defect That makes us dread the want and lack of whiskey;

For who would dunning bear, the rude demands, The loud complaints, the scornful treatment too Where trust hath ceased; the clamorous abuse, The taunting jokes from bar-maids and fat dames, The insolence of tapsters, and the spurns That patient DRUNKARDS from their landlords take,

When she herself might her quietus find In a nate quart-full?—Who would quartern scores,

Or bear the half-ripe name of tippler, But that the dread of something after scoring (Ah, the creditor's appalling summons, The tongue can bricly tell) puzzles the pocket, And makes us rather choose another shop, Than thus be charged with chalks we thought not of?

Short-tipping thus makes drunkards of us all; And thus our love of whiskey by the gallon Is still increased on the luxurious thought.

Before I'm finished, I'll be after beginning to give ye another nice tit-bit, in a nate tetrastick, all alive as it came out of the crature's own head alone all by itself like. Och! the darling! she's as ripe in these things as a fat pig in full pickle; as rich as a new-dugged pratie field, and as flagrant as a nutmeg-grater in a jug of whiskey-punch!

ANOTHER SWIG.

FROM MISTRESS M'GUEZLEEN'S ALBUM.

Tetrastick, translated from her own head.

OCH! as whiskey first born was the babe of the still,

'Tis so pleasingly strong of swate mildness; Sure my hope is, let die just whoever else will, That, that still may be never left childless!!!

I could say a whole word about this child if I would be humoured to't; but for matter of that, I'll be just saying

half a word to the churchwardens and overseers. I've a nate thought, I'm thinkin'; and it is, that if *that* RABE would be left at *their* naked doors, they wouldn't be bothering the public about its inhuman mother bringing expense upon the parish!! Devil-a-bit of it!!!

PATRICK O'SLAP-AT-YOU,
Professor of Vestrymatics!

April 21st, 1826,
No. 1, Poor-Rate Place.

THE HEIR.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

[The following short poem extracted from the *Kentish Register* of 1795, and there attributed to Dr. Johnson, has not, we believe, appeared in his works.—Ed.]

Long expected one-and-twenty,
Ling'ring year, at length is flown;
Pride and pleasure, pomp and plenty,
Great — — —, are now your own.

Loosen'd from the minor's tether,
Free to mortgage or to sell,
Wild as wind, and light as feather,
Bid the sons of Thrift farewell.

Call the Betseys, Kates, and Jennies,
All the names that banish care;
LAVISH of your grandsire's guineas,
Shew the spirit of an heir.

All that prey on vice or folly
Joy to see their quarry fly;
There the gamester light and jolly,
There the leader grave and sly.

Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,
Let it wander as it will;
Call the jockey, call the pander,
Bid them come and take their fill.

When the bonny blade carouses,
Pockets full, and spirits high—
What are acres? what are houses?
Only dirt, or wet or dry.

Should the guardian, friend, or mother
Tell the woes of wilful waste;
Scorn their counsel, scorn their pother—
You can hang or drown at last.

THE FLIGHT OF CHARLES II. AFTER THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER.

(Concluded from page 282.)

"BUT to return: when they came again to the colonel, they presently concluded that they were to make no longer stay in those parts, nor any more to endeavour to find a ship upon that coast, and without any further delay they rode back to the colonel's house, where they arrived in the night. Then they resolved to make their next attempt in Hampshire and Sussex, where Colonel Windham had no interest. There was between that and Salisbury a

very honest gentleman named Robert Phillips, a younger brother of a very good family, whom the king was resolved to trust; and so sent Lord Wilmot to a place from whence he might send to Mr. Phillips, and when he had spoken with him, Mr. Phillips should come to the king, and Lord Wilmot was to stay in such a place as they two should agree. Mr. Phillips accordingly came to the colonel's house, which he could do without suspicion, they being nearly allied. The ways were full of soldiers, which were now sent from the army to their quarters, and many regiments of horse and foot were assigned for the west, of which division Denborough was commander-in-chief. These marches were likely to last many days, and it was not thought advisable for the king to stay so long in that place; thereupon he had recourse to his old stratagem of taking a woman behind him, a kinswoman of Colonel Windham, whom he carried in that manner to a place not far from Salisbury, to which place Colonel Phillips conducted him. In this journey he passed through the middle of a regiment of horse, and presently after met Denborough walking down a hill, and three or four men with him, who had lodged in Salisbury the night before, all that road being full of soldiers. The next day, upon the plain, Dr. Henchman, one of the prebendaries of Salisbury, met the king. Lord Wilmot and Mr. Phillips then leaving him to go to the sea coast to find a vessel, the doctor conducted the king to Heale, a seat three miles from Salisbury, belonging to sergeant Hyde, who was afterwards chief justice of the King's Bench, and then in the occupation of the wife of his elder brother; where coming late in the evening he supped with some gentlemen who accidentally were in the house, which could not be well avoided. But the next morning he went early from thence, as if he had continued his journey, and the widow being trusted with the knowledge of her guest sent her servants out of the way, and at an hour appointed received him again, and accommodated him in a little room which had been made since the beginning of the troubles for concealment. Here he was entertained unknown to some gentlemen who lived in the house, and to others who daily resorted thither; for many days the widow herself only attending him, and bringing him such letters as the doctor received from Wilmot and Phillips.

"A vessel being at last provided on the coast of Sussex, and notice thereof sent to Dr. Henchman, he sent to the king to meet him at Stonehenge, whither

the widow took care to direct him; and being there met, he attended him to the place where Colonel Phillips received him. He the next day delivered him to Lord Wilmot, who went with him to a house in Sussex, recommended by Colonel Gunter, a gentleman of that county, who had served the king in the war, who met him there, and had provided a little bark at Brighthelmstone, where he went early on board, and arrived safely at Normandy, in November, in a small creek, from whence he got to Rouen, and from there to court."

Of this voyage the following is the king's own narrative, copied from a rare tract:—"We went towards Shoreham, four miles off a place called Brighthelmstone, taking the master of the ship with us on horseback behind one of our company, and came to the vessel's side, which was not above sixty tons. But it being low water, and the vessel laying dry, I and my Lord Wilmot got up with a ladder into her, and went to lay down in the little cabin, till the tide came to fetch us off; but I was no sooner got into the ship, and lain down upon the bed, but the master came in to me and fell down upon his knees and kissed my hand, telling me that he knew me very well, and would venture life and all that he had in the world to set me down safe in France. So about seven o'clock in the morning, it being high water, we went out of the port; but the master being bound for Pool, laden with sea-coal, because he would not have it seen from Shoreham that he did not go his intended voyage, but stood all the day, with a very easy sail, towards the Isle of Wight, (only my Lord Wilmot and myself of the company on board). And as we were sailing the master came to me and desired me that I would persuade his men to use their endeavours with me to get him to set us on shore in France, the better to cover him from any suspicion thereof. Upon which I went to the men, which were four and a boy, and told them, truly, that we were two merchants that had some misfortunes, and were a little in debt, that we had some money owing us at Rouen, in France, and were afraid of being arrested in England; that if they would persuade the master, (the wind being very fair), to give us a trip over to Dieppe, or any other of those parts near Rouen, they would oblige us very much, and with that I gave them twenty shillings to drink. Upon which they undertook to second me if I would propose it to the master. So I went to the master and told him our condition, and that if he would give us a trip over

to France, we would give him some consideration for it. Upon which he counterfeited difficulty, and said that it would hinder his voyage; but his men as they had promised me, joining their persuasions to ours, and at last he yielded to set us over. So about five in the afternoon, as we were in sight of the Isle of Wight, we stood directly over to the coast of France, the wind being then full north. But the wind failing us, and coming about to the south-west, we were forced to come to an anchor within two miles of the shore, till the tide of flood was done. We found ourselves just before an harbour in France called Fescamp; and just as the tide of ebb was made espied a vessel to leeward of us, which by her nimble working, I suspected to be an Ostend privateer; upon which I went to my Lord Wilmot, and telling him my opinion of the ship, proposed to him our going ashore in the little cock boat, for fear they should prove so, as not knowing, but finding us going into a port in France (there being then a war betwixt France and Spain) they might plunder us, and possibly carry us away and set us ashore in England; the master also himself had the same opinion of her being an Ostender, and came to me to tell me so, which thought I made it my business to dissuade him from, for fear it should tempt him to set sail with us again for the coast of England; yet so sensible was I of it, that I and my Lord Wilmot went both in shore in the cock boat, and going up into the town of Fescamp, staid there all day to provide horses for Rouen. But the vessel which had so affrighted us proved afterwards only a French hoy.

"The next day we got to Rouen, to an inn, one of the best in the town in the fish-market, where they made difficulty to receive us, taking us, by our clothes, to be some thieves, or persons that had been doing some very ill thing, until Mr. Sandburne, a merchant, for whom I sent, came and answered for us. One particular more there is observable in relation to this our passage into France, that the vessel that brought us over had no sooner landed me, and I given her master a pass, for fear of meeting with any of our Jersey frigates, but the wind turned so happily for her, as to carry her directly for Pool, without its being known that she had ever been upon the coast of France.

"We staid at Rouen only one day, to provide ourselves better clothes, and gave notice to the queen, my mother, (who was then at Paris), of my being safely landed; after which, setting out in a

hired coach, I was met by my mother with four coaches short of Paris, and by her conducted thither, where I safely arrived."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

LONDON LYRICS.

THE CLAPHAM CHALYBEATE.

Who has e'er been at Clapham must needs know
the pond

That belongs to Sir Barnaby Sturch;
Tis well stock'd with fish, and the knight's rather fond
Of bobbing for tench and for perch.

When he draws up his line, to decide if all's
right,

Moist drops o'er his pantaloons dribble;
Though seldom, if ever, beguiled by a bite,
He now and then boasts of a nibble.

Vulgar mud, very like vulgar men, will encroach,
Uncheck'd by the spade and the rake;
In process of time it enveloped the roach
In Sir Barnaby's Lilliput lake.

Fire workmen, well armed, and denuded of shoes,
New fearlessly delved in the flood,
To steal unawares on the Empress of Ooze,
And cart off her insolent mud.

The innocent natives were borne from the bog,
Eel, minnow, and toad, felt the shovel,
And lizard-like oft lay with fugitive frog
In a clay-built extempore hovel.

The men work'd away with their hands and their
feet,

And delved in a regular ring;
When, lo! as their taskwork was all but complete,
They waken'd a mineral spring.

"We've found a *Chalybeate*, sir," cried the men;
"We halt till we know what your wish is!"

"Keep it safe," quoth the knight, "till you've
fish'd it, and then

Throw it back with the rest of the fishes."

New Monthly Magazine.

ZACHARIAH RICHMOND.

EVERYBODY knew Zachariah Richmond! Zachariah was a man of singular—no, manifold habits! His power of, or rather his irresistible propensity for migration was infinite and wonderful—his dexterity in personating characters might have astonished even Proteus himself. One would think he possessed the very essence of ubiquity! Fortunatus' wishing-cap seemed his inheritance—the changeableness of the camelion his birth-right. You might meet him to-day, and before you had time to observe his absence, hear of his drinking sherbet with the Great Turk in Constantinople.

Yet was he, in all his metamorphoses,

still himself—still Zachariah Richmond, Zachariah the Jew or the gentleman—the Turk or the tinker—the peasant or the preacher? His was no caricatured personation of the character. You never lost sight of nature in the various situations and conditions you might find him in. His destiny impelled him, and he could not do less than follow her dictates.

Everybody knew Zachariah—high, low, rich, poor, pretty, ugly, good, bad Zachariah Richmond! I say every one knew him—old and young knew him. Rich and poor, lame and blind—good, bad, and indifferent knew him; but such was the versatility of his manners, his actions, and qualifications, that no two persons could agree as to which of the above adjectives should be prefixed to his well-established and generally known cognomen.

The history of his birth, connexions, and profession, is enveloped in total obscurity; even I, his biographer, know nothing of it. Flying reports of his gipsy origin—of his being the son of a Cameronian preacher; and of his propinquity by blood to a certain noble Scottish family, have at different times reached the ear, just as, I presume, his fancy led him to personate characters analogous to these distinct grades in society.

His vagaries were boundless; the following are the circumstances under which I first met him. In perambulating through a part of Stirlingshire I found myself, towards the close of the day, in the middle of a thick wood, through which the road led, with a dense mist, such as is peculiar to Scotland, (*id est*, a thick falling rain), gathering around, and obscuring even the vicinal trees. Being thus both be-misted and be-nighted, I was glad to make towards a light which twinkled among the trees, in hopes of finding shelter from the storm. I had scrambled over two dykes, and was on the point of leaping the third and last between me and my object, when my progress was arrested by rather a formidable barrier in the persons of five stalwart carles, with most ferocious countenances, and armed with bludgeons. I was rather surprised at this encounter, though I was somewhat prepared for it from the knowledge that these occurrences are frequent in Scotland, where the remnant of that once numerous race, the gipsies, still exist. I explained to the fellows the cause of my intrusion within the precincts of their encampment, which explanation being deemed satisfactory by their chief, (who sat carousing with several of the

members of another gang in his tent), I was allowed to join the revellers. Laying aside the lack of respectability in the company, I must say that I have never passed a more agreeable evening. "*The business of the evening*," as it is denominated in town life, was conducted in superior style; there sat the chief at the head of the festive board, in the plenitude of his chieftainship; his face looming through the smoke that ever and anon ascended from the spirited and spirit-stirring contents of a huge kettle that stood before him, like the broad disk of a "*nor'-west moon*" in a storming cloudy night, and there went speech upon speech, and toast upon toast, in rapid succession; here sat I, in a state of considerable astonishment, at what was going forward, and—there sat Zachariah Richmond, carolling his gipsy ditties like a true son of "*the wandering tribes*."

Again—an acquaintance pursuing his way through a small village one day, was attracted by the vehement exclamations and antic gestures of an itinerant preacher, who, with lengthened visage and browned-black habiliment, was haranguing the gaping villagers on the evil of their ways. This man he met in the gayest of company a few days after, and this man was Zachariah Richmond.

"I once shipped a fellow in the Bay of Bengal," said a naval officer one evening in a large company, where our hero was present, "whom I would give a good deal to again have the sight of; he was a jewel of a seaman, and was the means of saving my life. We encountered most severe storms in our way home, which rendered our bark a cripple for life; the whole crew, officers and seamen, were exhausted with repeated hardships; but that fellow stood out the horrors of the voyage with a heart of steel, and on one occasion, when a tremendous sea swept the deck, carrying everything, boats and men before it, and me among the rest—he grasped me when I was about to sink, and baffling the fury of the waves, which every moment threatened to engulf us for ever, brought me in a state of insensibility to the vessel again. Now, the most provoking part of the story is, that my deliverer disappeared on our arrival in England, just at the moment I was making interest for his advancement."

Zachariah again! All eyes were turned towards the spot where he sat, but he had disappeared while the story was being narrated.

Richmond was a creature of many colours, like theameleon—a man of many changes, like the wind. He frequented the best and the worst company; hence

arose his different characters of high, low Zachariah Richmond. He sometimes had money, and spent like a prince—he often had none, and therefrom came his epithets rich, poor. He was a favourite among the ladies when he took the trouble of making himself smart and agreeable; but he often fell into disgrace through the slovenliness of his dress, and the carelessness about his personal appearance; hence, again, came the corresponding qualifications pretty, ugly, and so forth. And lastly, among the austere sects of Christians of our city, he was alternately an angel and an evil spirit, according to circumstances.

When my acquaintance with him commenced I formed the idea of making him out; I wormed myself into his good graces; accompanied him oftentimes in his frolics—which was, indeed, no easy task, and required considerable exertion both of body and mind—and, in fact, tried him on all tacks, and at all seasons; but except what all the town and all the country knew of him, I made out nothing. It is certainly not a very wonderful thing to meet a man on the top of Ben Nevis, and in a comparatively short time afterwards to meet him at the Land's End, for such is the rapid mode of conveyance throughout these realms now-a-days, that you might have travelled, in this case, perhaps as quick as he; but it is certainly something singular, and indicates a most irresistible propensity to wander, coupled with an indefatigable constitution and power of exertion, for a man to have been over the half of Europe, while you thought (and perhaps he has intimated that such was his intention,) he was enjoying, like yourself, the cool breezes of the ocean in the sweet town of Penzance; nay, the next news you have of him he has been scaling the Cordilleras, or traversing the regions of the mountains of (not in) the moon!

It is now five long years since this erratic star disappeared from our northern metropolitan hemisphere, and no accounts of his having arisen in another, have, to this moment, reached us.

European Magazine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Most faithfully we intended to answer our correspondents this week, but if our own avocations had not interfered, the printer leaving only room for this apology, would have prevented our doing so without delaying the publication.

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